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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

P U C K

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BUSINESS MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CARLYLE spoke of surgeons and physicians as "the true priesthood." Had he looked further, he might have called scientists the true warriors of civilization. These are the men who in dim libraries, in cheerless work-shops, on stormy seas, in strange and lonely lands, in hospital wards, in the cabins of frail ships against whose sides the arctic ice is crunching—wherever there is knowledge to be won, wherever the truth is to be found—are fighting for us the world's grandest fight, the fight against ignorance, the fight for light. They bear no wounds of sword or gunshot, no Victoria cross glitters on their victorious breasts, no ensign of war drapes them dead. They are not without physical signs of their struggles—forms wasted with African fevers, eyes strained blind at the telescope or the microscope; all forms of death and injury from strange poisons or vile contagions are theirs—but the greater fight they wage is the fight against those they would befriend, against a world of fools for the fools' own sake; and the wounds that hurt the sorest are the wounds of the spirit.

* * *

are wiser, in their day and generation, than the children of light. From bigoted priests, the successors of these, who, under plea of keeping Learning alive, shut her up in mountain monasteries for a thousand years. From worldly folk who left to bigots the direction of their spiritual affairs—the descendants of such men as jeered at Harvey and his impossible discovery and John Stephenson and his impracticable machine.

* * *

this much, however, that he is a very rich man, and that he made scarcely any of his money as other rich men have made it.

* * *

Mr. Hilton can well afford to be twitted on his failure to be a second A. T. Stewart. He probably yearns for social distinction and for admission into the arcana of that shadowy and uncertain association called New York Society, which does not look with favor on the proprietors of retail dry-goods stores, where a paper of pins or a spool of cotton may be bought for a few cents. Mr. Hilton will now be free from all such aspersions, and can retire from the public gaze as a tradesman and hotel-keeper, and reappear before it as a simple and modest capitalist. But what would Mr. Stewart say if he could but find his body, which Mr. Hilton was unable to take care of? Was it for this that he had pinched his employees and worked so hard himself?

* * *

When Mr. Jay Gould made that wonderful exhibition of his wealth, the effect on the stock market was immediate. Everybody, with the exception of a few dyspeptic bears, made money, and prices were pegged up daily. Then they began to get unsteady, and another effort was made to put them up. Said Mr. Jay Gould: "Stocks are dirt cheap." Said Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Field and Mr. Sage: "We hate bears; they always do their best to depress people's property." Yet, in spite of all these assurances, the market has fallen, and numbers of small speculators, who tried to make a short cut to fortune by way of Wall Street and the word of Mr. Jay Gould, find themselves most cruelly "left." It is the moths and the candle again, and ought to be a lesson to men who have money not to invest it on Mr. Gould's or Mr. Vanderbilt's recommendation. These worthy gentlemen have always schemes of their own to carry out, and the innocent outsider must surely come to grief in acting on what he thinks their purpose must be.

* * *

Judge Westbrook so far does not appear to great advantage in the investigation now going on at Albany with regard to his share in the Manhattan "L" Road manipulation. But, for the present, we reserve a decided opinion as to his guilt or innocence. If he is guilty, we should not be surprised; for, by the low salaries we pay our judges, we offer a premium for unfaithfulness and corruption. Every man in a responsible position, whose opinions are to affect the public welfare, ought to be paid a very high salary, so that there can be no temptation for him to be dishonest. His salary, especially where there are enormous interests at stake, ought to be so high that it will not pay him to run the risk of losing it by allowing any suitor to influence his decisions. Thirty, forty, fifty thousand dollars a year is not too high a price to pay a judge if we wish to preserve his honesty. Cheap judges are dear at any price.

* * *

It would be a fitting, if not a graceful act, were Mr. John Kelly to treat the people of New York to such a procession as our artist has drawn upon our last page. True it is that his "move" was made long ago; and that he may be said to have already set up in business at the Republican stand; but the helpless, misgoverned tax-payers of this city might at least enjoy a smile over the removal of the Tammany "properties" to the new shop. In the old days when the Roman citizens groaned under the burdens of taxes and assessments, their rulers were accustomed to treat them to an extra fine show in the public circus; and if their bread was bitter and scanty, at least they had a ring which afforded them amusement. This is more than our ring does for us. Will not Emperor Kellius give us a laugh for our money?

* * *

No, Galileo to-day has not to choose between the rack and recantation; there is no visible and tangible fire and flame for him who has a new message of wisdom to the world. But do you think the old persecution of the children of light is ended? Is the old spirit dead that battled sturdily with axe and fagot against new thought and freedom? Look about you and see how grudgingly the world gives its acceptance of a gift. Has science, even in this century, taken one step forward without hearing all around a mad clamor of execration and reprobation? Not there! you shall not go there! you shall not find this out—you shall leave that in darkness! And from whom come these cries? Why, from those sons of men who

There will be no public mourning or profound private grief because the old-established firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. is going out of existence. These are the days of anti-monopoly, and the great dry-goods house was a monopolist of the worst type. We do not know that there was anything admirable in its founder's career. Mr. Stewart certainly built up a large business and managed to accumulate a prodigious amount of wealth; but the mere heaping up of money, unless it is done with a distinct and worthy object, is not deserving of eulogy or commendation.

* * *

Not that every American, without reference to his profession or business, is not anxious to make as much money as possible; but the late Mr. A. T. Stewart seemed to have no higher aim than to become a sort of gigantic peddler and jack-of-all-trades rather than an enterprising merchant in the strict sense of the word. When he died, thereby enriching Mr. Hilton beyond that gentleman's fondest dreams, he probably had a vague sort of idea that the business would go on as before. But that was impossible. It had already reached its highest point. Even Stewart could not have managed it, had it grown larger. How much less could Mr. Hilton, who showed his incompetency from the moment he took charge of the estate?

* * *

Not so much because he grossly insulted the Jewish race and injured his business in that way, but more on account of his lawyer-like mind, which is entirely opposed to the trading faculty. We do not see why anybody should blame or abuse Mr. Hilton for relieving himself of the cares of business and turning his property into cash. He had already plenty of it, and it was useless his trying to make more; for he soon discovered that he invariably lost in the operation. Mr. Hilton was never intended by Nature for a dry-goods man; nor for a manufacturer; nor for a hotel man; nor for a merchant. We do not profess to know what Nature did intend him for; nor shall we try to find out. We know

PUCK'S POPULAR TRACTS.

I.
THE REFORMED BRAKEMAN.

A TOUCHING STORY OF A CHANGE OF HEART ON THE Elevated ROAD.

It is very wrong to be rude and rough, and nobody will love you if you are profane. O young reader, if you are rude and rough and profane, you may be sure that the sulphur pit gapes for you, and that your soul will certainly sizzle.

Think of it! Think of it right now, and reform ere it be too late! Oh, think, we entreat you, of the awful agony you will suffer when on pleasant Sabbath mornings in the hereafter, you lie grilling in the brimstone and listen to the familiar sounds up on the earth, and hear the church bells ringing and your dear old Pastor telling your family and friends in the front pew what a good time you are having in regions of eternal bliss, just according to the scheme laid out on your tombstone.

There was once, dear young friends, a very bad brakeman on the Elevated Road. This brakeman made a specialty of being rude and rough, and whenever he was rude and rough he was shockingly profane, and talked in such a wicked manner that the company was obliged to go to the expense of having the cars painted new every month, because he made them blue.

This bad conductor used to hustle the people into the cars, and use swear words to them, and when he could get a lady on the platform, and shut the gate so as to catch her husband's foot on the outside, and drag him along the platform and scrunch him between the railings, and drop his mangled corpse into the street below, with a sickening thud, he was very happy.

But one day he caught a quiet-looking man in this cruel way, and he started up the train, and said to the quiet-looking man: "What in the bad place did you try to get on board for, eh?"

And then the quiet-looking man picked up his fists, and rustled himself about, and twisted the gate up as if it was a curl-paper, and rolled it around the wicked brakeman, and put most of the brakeman's teeth down the brakeman's throat, and pounded the brakeman's nose out so nice and flat that it covered more ground than a six-day's pedestrian or a Democratic platform; and then he hurled the brakeman down on the hard cobble-stones, and remarked, in a casual manner: "My name is Sullivan, and I am a prize-fighter when I am not at home."

And so the bad brakeman had to go to Bellevue Hospital, and lie on his back, and let the surgeons carve him. And the good ladies came and gave him oranges and tracts, mostly tracts. And as he lay there, that bad brakeman experienced a change of heart. He saw the error of his ways, and he handles the public mighty carefully now.

Let this be a lesson to all who are rude and rough.



A POEM

COMBINING THE SOUND OF POPE WITH ABOUT AS MUCH SENSE AS HE EVER GAVE TO THE SQUARE INCH.

'Tis brilliance clips the gloom of ev'ry thought;
Ought not what should be, when what should be ought?
Why should proud man, a recreant to delight,
Wake the dull echoes of th' Iberian night?
Why should base fiends, internal and impure,
Smile with allurements, and with smiles allure?
Break from contempt, and with contempt confuse
The lips that listen, and the lips that lose?

Carve the gay gherkin, and with smiles elate,
Gnash the gray hairs that deck a bald'ning pate?
See the loud tangent, with impetuous stride,
Now red from black, now black from red divide;
Shake the blue courser and prolong the same
Beyond the proper period for game.
Bow then thy head, thou monarch of the air,
Bare is the bier—of beer the bear is bare!

V. H. D., P. F.

Puckeyings.

A SOLITAIRE SET.—A hen hatching one egg.

ECHOES OF THE DOG-SHOW.—Bow wow—ki yi!

THE PARIS *Illustration* of the 8th of April says: "Fleury-Wodsworth Longfellow est le grand poète Américain."

OUR FRIEND, Leo XIII., sent his Palm Sunday palm to Cardinal McCabe, of Dublin. *Palmam McCabe meruit ferat.*

BEN BUTLER says that he has not asked President Arthur for anything. President Arthur corroborates this statement, and says that he would not have got it if he had.

THE METAL merchants of this city have organized a metal exchange, and have decided to admit as members book-agents, charity fiends and the officers of the Elevated Railroads without the usual initiation fee.

A FASHIONABLE NEW YORK belle boasted, on her return from Europe, that while there she had some of the most celebrated men at her feet. It is more satisfactory to employ a first-class chiropodist than to goad your brother to profanity when he uses his razor.

WHERE OTHER nations refuse to pay money to begging steamship lines, the Mexican Government more sensibly grants them subsidies. In the way they manage financial affairs in Mexico, this makes the steamship companies happy, and doesn't cost the government a cent.

THE KNICKERBOCKERS will have to defend their lineage and respectability. Captain Baker, of the steamship "Surrey," of the Royal Netherlands Line, says that they are "a low class of people." And the people to whom he refers are genuine Knickerbockers, because they came direct from Holland last week, in the steerage, and there are twelve hundred and fifty-two of them who were not satisfied with their treatment on board.

MR. G. W. LILLY paid three thousand dollars for a Grace Church pew, which is also subject to a ground-rent of seventy-eight dollars. We would call Mr. Lilly's attention to the fact that lots in Greenwood Cemetery are much cheaper than Grace Church pews, that there is no ground-rent and one can sleep more soundly in them.

CHICAGO GAMBLERS are being rapidly convicted in batches of threes and fives. Reckoning the population of the city at three hundred thousand, and allowing for the natural increase of population, the last Chicago gambler will probably be punished about the year 2782, if the Produce and new Stock Exchanges remain in existence.

TO JUDGE WESTBROOK, MESSRS. JAY GOULD, CYRUS FIELD AND RUSSELL SAGE.

Gentlemen:

The ravages caused by the recent fire in our office are now nearly repaired. There is a nice, comfortable corner in our main editorial apartment which we shall be happy, at any time, to place at your disposal as a court room, whenever you do not feel inclined to sit in the regular Court House. All that we ask is that you decide suits in our favor and give us "points" on the stock market.

Your ardent admirers,
PUCK & Co.

ANOTHER AGRICULTURAL.

We promised last week to treat our readers to an article on the newest varieties of strawberries in the market, and we respectfully call their attention to the fact that we are right on hand with the article. We have engaged, at great expense, the most celebrated authority on strawberries to give us the benefit of his information on this interesting subject, and everything that he says may be relied upon as the solid truth, built up from the eternal ground. If anything in the nomenclature of the fruits should strike our readers as peculiar, they must take it out of the strawberries.

NEW FASHIONS IN STRAWBERRIES.

By E. SHAD ROE,
Newburgh Professor of Strawberries.

It has long been a question whether the strawberry is a fruit or a vegetable. Some people have asserted that it is a vegetable, because it grows like a cucumber or a squash; and nobody ever called a cucumber or a squash a fruit. But then it has been responded that although no one ever looked upon these useful products of nature as fruits, yet they may be fruits, and it is possible that they have existed for all these years under the blight of a cruel popular misapprehension. The strawberry, there is no doubt, tastes like a fruit, and as nobody has arisen to call it an insect or a fowl, perhaps it will be safe to say that the strawberry would have been a vegetable if it had in early life got into the habit of growing underneath instead of on the top of the ground.

This question being definitely settled, we will now pass to an enumeration of a few of the latest fashionable varieties of strawberries, with a few appropriate remarks on each one.

HELIOGABALUS DOUBLE EARLY is a large, squat berry, with blue eyes and a coy, winning mouth, bursting all over with coquettish sweetness. It is a good grower; but requires judicious tickling with a straw to awaken it to a generous enthusiastic interest in its own cultivation.

REDDY THE BLACKSMITH ROUND TOP SEEDLING is a good family berry; but of no use in general society. The last crop was a failure, owing to the name, which weighed heavily on the berry, and retarded its growth. I notice a lack of chiaroscuro in this berry which seriously affects its flavor.

BLUE JEANS LATE CANADIAN SONGSTER used to be a very fine berry; but it has fallen into dissipated ways, and is more or less stunted, and has an acid flavor, like an old maid whose last hope has just been carried off by a red-headed girl with freckles. It is, however, a great grower, and has to be frequently discouraged with applications of cold water and wet blankets, or it will become unmanageable.

CALITHUMPAN AURORA is a beautiful boarding-house berry, much admired by dealers. Owing to its modest and retiring habits, which impel it to grovel on the cold, cold ground, it is enabled to pick up and retain large quantities of sand and dirt, on which account it is sometimes called "Triumph of Real Estate," or "True Grit." This berry may also be used by careful housekeepers in place of Bath-brick.

TUSCARORA CONQUEST failed to fulfill its promise last year. It promised to develop to such wondrous proportions that two of them, adroitly manipulated by street-venders, could be made to fill a box with bottom located about half way to the top. It also promised that each

and every member of its family would be sufficient for a short-cake, and that it would be the ruling berry at Sunday-school festivals. However, it is not great in size. It is probably as small as Conkling's chances of becoming President. But then it is very sweet, and can be worked off on people in dimly-lighted saloons. Tuscarora Conquest is a slender, low-necked specimen of its kind, and, when feeling well, is as productive as a Spring poet. It is raised on low, sandy soil. The best way to raise it is with a pair of ice-tongs. Quality, medium.

QUEEN OF THE CASSOWARYS has always been esteemed by horticulturists as one of the most previously prolific berries extant. It is very popular as a punctuator of lemonade and other innocent and harmless beverages. This is a very nice berry to eat, because there is more berry than sand. In most cases the sand so completely and everlasting gets away with the berry that the average dentist is enabled to buy a new suit of clothes every month, and send his family to live through the Summer in a sumptuous little cottage by the sea. Sometimes it is affected with blight, like a hen that is squashed down on her eggs about a day before the brood is due. The hen is blighted on account of having put in three week's time for nothing. These berries are not hollow or pulpy, and they never fail to get in their work, when properly wooed. In color they much resemble the red lining of a white rabbit's ear.

SALATHIEL SINGLE TWIST PROLIFIC is a new and extremely popular berry. The original plant was crossed with a pumpkin, which gives the fruit a rich, spongy flavor, much admired by connoisseurs. It is large, oblate, and equinoctial about the zenith, and has a rich yellow color which reminds one of the dusky maidens of Seville or an epidemic of yellow fever in the South.

KAFOOZLEUM FUR TIPPET LOW SEDENTARY I consider one of the finest berries I have ever seen. This berry is so phenomenally intelligent that it can be trained to jump through a hoop and do light chores about the house. Its strength should not be overtaxed, however, for it is cruel to strain the young muscles of an innocent plant.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, the Irish M. P., is reported as having delivered a strong speech on the Irish question at the Cooper Union. There is nothing remarkable in this; the speeches of the Irish Land Leaguers are always as strong in language as they are weak in their effect.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXI.
ON DINING OUT.



Ya-as, Jack Carnegie strolled into my libarwy the othah morning to have a chat about varrious mattahs.

"I wathah think," he said: "I am getting wearwy of being in Amerwica. I have wemaind he-ah now faw a considerable per-

wiod, and I think of returning home."

"Aw," I wemarked: "I cahn't say I'm surprised, faw New York is an inferwi-ah place faw a bachelor who has seen anything of life or the aw world. It is differwent faw me, as I am marwied; but you have made some swiends."

"Ya-as," he weplied: "I have weceived fai-ah tweatment, and have weally not been able to accept numbahs of invitations of all descwiptions—indeed, to open and wead them, fwrequently baws me; but some of these Amerwican people, who weside in decent houses and stwive to be considahed fashionable, have a gweat deal to learn, I'm sorwy to say, befaw they can be looked upon as quite well-bwed."

"Aw ya-as," I said.

"Of course," continued my swiend Jack: "but even in some twifing mattahs they make fwightful mistakes. People say to me, and to some fellahs I know, who are comparwative stwangers he-ah: 'Why don't you come and see us?'—as if I were going to see people who give me an invitation of such a charwactah. If families have known you faw a weasonable per-

wiod, pwofess to like you, and have excellent facilities faw entertaining, they ought to ask you to dinnah occasionally, if they are desirous of cultivating your acquaintance. If they don't, one ought to considah it a verwy good weason faw dwopping them. 'Come and see us,' they say. Why should you go and see them, and waste your time by indulging in a ridiculous amount of small talk, and they do not even offer you so much as a glass of watah? By asking a man to dinnah, on the othah hand, you bwing out all his most admirwable qualities, and he may be inclined to believe that you take some interest in him. Except undah special circumstances, I make it a wule nevah to accept a generwal invitation. If people cwave faw my society, they must ask me specially, and not in a vague and perfuctorwy mannah."

I quite agreed with all that Jack said. Asthwards we took a dwive in the Park aw.

MISSISSIPPI MARTYRS.



WIDOW MULDOON:—"OCH, DOM THE CHILDER—IT'S PLENTY OF THIM I HAVE! SAVE ME PIG, FOR IT'S THE ONLY WAN."

THE MODERN PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.



WHAT THE SPRING MEANS TO THE GUILELESS GRANGER.

THE BABE'S BIB.

The other morning one of our artists stepped into the editorial rooms, and stated that he would be pleased to have an audience with the editor.

"No," said the editor, anticipating him: "I am not prepared to write you a verse for your girl's album. I think I have written about all the album verse I intend to. The thing has been worked to death. I have been doing it for every one. The other day the old porter came up and confided to me a secret—he said he had become enamored of an entrancing ballet-dancer—one Zabriska Jeunesse Tak-flory, and would like a verse, etc. I immediately wrote him a quatrain, in which I took the liberty of changing her first name to Zabrisky, in order to get in the obvious rhyme."

"What was the obvious rhyme?"

"Medford rum; and, when the old man came in the next morning, he was so indignant that I had to sally forth and invest in arnica and court-plaster. And that lets me out on album verses."

"But I didn't come in to have a verse written."

"I haven't got a cent about me at present; I just gave my last note to a missionary. Always happy to accommodate you, my boy, but—"

"I didn't come in to borrow money."

"No, I presume not; I might have known it by your pleasant smile. You came in here to loan—"

"No, I didn't; I came in to tell you that I've

received a bib for my baby from an unknown source—a little red bib, about the size of a porous-plaster—and I want a notice."

"Do you think we notice such things? Do you suppose we are going to rip 'Fitznoodle' out of the paper to find space to tell the world that you have bought a pair of suspenders, or changed your hat, or found a new boarding-house, or given away four dollars in charity? We are a paper, and not a hand-bill carried on for personal advertisements. We are not playing that rôle this week. We are not taking out our cartoons to tell the public you have taken a bath—the public would, no doubt, be surprised at such a statement; but the public may go unsurprised."

The artist walked sadly away. And the editor was greatly chagrined at the miscarriage of his little joke, for it was he who sent the bib.

FROM OUT among the pansies blue
The matron now the hen doth shoo.

A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS that is not infrequent
—policemen running away from a fight.

THE CARPET hangs upon the line;
And, in the awful heat,
The Ethiop, with grace divine,
Gets in his little beat.

STRAWBERRY-BOXES are very much like Coney Island beer mugs—they are pretty thick, and the bottoms try to get as near to the top as possible.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

NO DOUBT.
Should Jumbo die,
Who will deny
But what his ghost would soon be seen
In parcels neat,
Upon the street,
Put up as "oilymargarine"?
"INCOG."

ONE-RHYMED QUATRAINS;
OR,
WHITTIER REVERSED.

To see Mary Powers
He shot up the stoop,
A basket of flowers
He held in his hand.
He said to the servant
Who came to the door,
In manner most fervent:
"Is Miss Powers in?"

That servant an aria
Chanted—"t was this:
"Miss Powers's malaria
Keeps her up-stairs."

Ah! then he went shooting
Right down to the walk,
Most woefully tooting—
The which was quite right—
But left rose and violet
Stuck to his card,
And in his cabriolet
Scooted away.

MASTER AND SERVANT.



GRANT:—"UM, YES, IT SUITS ME PRETTY WELL; BUT WE MUST TRANSPLANT THIS ONE (FOLGER) INTO THE N. Y. GOVERNOR COLLECTION—AND I HAVE ONE IN MY MIND THAT WILL JUST FIT THE PLACE!"

DIEFICULT ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

There are many things difficult of accomplishment in this world—this world, which every one denounces, but which every one is not particularly anxious to leave just the same. Many philosophers, from time immemorial, have seen fit to ventilate those things, which they fondly called their minds, on this subject. They told us how difficult it is to lead a proper life, as though we don't know it; they have told us what difficult times kings have, as though we all stand a chance of becoming kings, and should be put on our guard; they have told us how much better it is to eat mush and live in a log cabin on an income of ten dollars per annum and save money, than to travel round and have a good time and four swell meals per diem; they have told us how much more consistent with common sense it is to wear ready-made, cheap clothes that never fit, but get out of shape in a week, and rip in the seams every time you get off a walk.

Yes, they have given us to understand all these things, and their subtle influences on happiness; but we have always managed to secure happiness enough to satisfy our modest desires by pursuing the courses directly opposite to those laid down by these ponderous thought-jugglers.

But then there are other things which are very difficult to accomplish, which these profound disciples of Confucius have never deigned to touch.

One of these is hauling on a wet boot in the morning. You all know how a wet boot looks after you have been out walking in a swamp; you know just how rigid and cold it feels, and what proportion of it seems to be made of sand and grit. And, when you take hold of it, it is with great reluctance, and you push your foot down through the leg with a shudder as though you imagine it is full of snakes. Then you grasp the straps, and let the bow of the boot shoot out against the wainscoting as hard as you can. You

feel the sensation right to the top of your head, and your foot seems paralyzed. A second trial brings your heel down on that crescent-shaped piece of leather located at the rear of the boot; and, when you shut your eyes and make another desperate kick, your foot shoots right into the leather casing.

Are you then happy?

Oh, no, you are not then happy.

Why are you not then happy?

Why, because that crescent-shaped piece of leather located at the stern of the boot flies right down under your heel and lies there perfectly contented, while your wife steps up, and makes you ill by asking why you don't wear shoes like other people, and requesting you not to kick all the paint off the inside of the house. Then you sit down and take a rest, in order to recover your breath. After you have recovered it, you haul your boot off and straighten up that objectionable piece of leather at the heel, and start out afresh. Then you let your foot out like an ice-man in quest of customers in April, and you are paralyzed with wonder. Your foot goes right plumb into the boot.

Are you happy now?

Oh, no, you are not happy now.

Why are you not happy now?

Why, because there is a hole in the toe of your stocking.

What has a hole in the stocking got to do with it?

What has a hole in the stocking got to do with it, eh? A good deal; it has so much to do with it that it makes you sick right down to the ground, because the kick drives your foot clean through that hole, and, when your boot is on, your stocking is way up round your leg, and that is what the hole has got to do with it, sonny. And you'll find that getting a wet boot on all right is not the less difficult because Aristophanes did not write it up.

But donning a boot is not more difficult than posting a paper. First, you lay the paper aside, and determine upon the person to whom you mean to send it. Then you go out in the

morning, and, when half way down-town suddenly exclaim: "Great Scott! I have forgotten that paper!" and make up your mind that you won't forget it on the morrow. So that night you put a wrapper on it and put it in your overcoat, to make sure. The next day happens to be warm and you don't wear your overcoat; so the paper doesn't go on its way. That night you secrete it in your light overcoat, and carry it all around the city the next day and fetch it back at night. On the morrow you start out with the paper in your hand, so that you can't possibly forget to post it. You reach the first lamp-post and look at your hand. The paper is there all right. So is the lamp-post. Everything looks favorable to the posting of the paper. You are happy. Oh, what thrills of satisfaction shoot through you and tone your system with sun. You raise the lid of the box, and thrust half of the paper in. Then you pull it out.

Why do you pull it out?

Why, because there is no stamp on it.

Have you a stamp in your pocket?

Well, no; not at this time. You have plenty of night-keys and buttons and other things that were never intended to stick on papers; but no stamps. Stamps are things that are offered you in change by lady clerks in country post-offices, when you are so hard up that you'd rather have the shekels, but feel ashamed to admit it, and say in a cool, wealthy manner that it makes no difference. Then you start to buy a stamp; but no one has them for sale. This is because the profit on them is so great. If money were lost on them, they would be sold on the street stands like apples, by old dames in lace caps and short clay pipes. So you take the paper with you down to the office, and have the boy take it out to post. And, when you ask him, two days after, if he did post it, he has forgotten all about the matter, and you never know whether the paper has been sent or not.

There are many other things which are difficult of accomplishment, such as how to escape from a habitation surrounded by sheriffs, how to raise a mortgage with a balloon, and how to put down your income-tax with a hammer, and we wish some of our thinkers would treat these important, though homely, subjects; and give us less of that scholastic drivel which mentally paralyzes the few people that read it.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

TOGGERY DE PRINTEMPS.

The gardens begin to wear their Spring bonnets, and the buds to bloom in their early Summer dresses.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

That's a fact. But when the gardens don their Spring dresses, dotted with lovely flowers, you mustn't begin to feel too lively, because, before you know it, you will be shaking so hard with chills that you will be lively enough, and have to be strapped to your bed to keep the floor off you. We remember once when we had the chills; and it was just at the time that the balmy garden was tying its bonnet-ribbons in such a lovely knot that the breezes seemed to experience great joy in wantoning with it. But, lo! yea, verily, selah, we were then taken down with chills, and it was so nearly impossible to stick to any eminence like a chair or a sofa, that we wore the floor on our backs most of the time, and this thing kept up until the chills were broken. And you would like to know how we broke them, would you? All right. Just lay your shell-like ear on our lapel, in a manner that won't mar the chaste sumptuousness of our Jacqueminot rose. That's about the style. Now we'll tell you how we broke the chills. No, it was not with a horrid medicine; it was with a most delicious beverage—a handmade beverage, too. No, Clarinda, it was not what you hint; it was lemonade—lemonade, Clarinda—lemonade!

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. publish "The Orthoepist" and "The Verbalist," by Alfred Ayres, and "The Rhymester," by Tom Hood and Arthur Penn. Three books better calculated to rip up domestic peace and bring dissensions into the happiest household were never published. "The Orthoepist" teaches people how to pronounce words and "The Verbalist" how to use them. The average reader will arise from the perusal of the two works firmly convinced that he is all wrong on his English, and that his whole duty is to catch somebody else in the same way. Then, when he has got that far on the way to become a nuisance, he may read "The Rhymester," learn how to become a poet, and meet a violent death at the hands of the editor. We shall speak of these books in detail next week.

"Our Wild Indians; or, Thirty Years' Personal Experience Among the Red Men of the Great West" is the title of a work by Colonel Richard Irving Dodge, of the United States Army, Aide-de-Camp to General Sherman; published by A. D. Worthington & Company, of Hartford, Conn. The book meets with our highest approval, for it gives a popular account of the social life, religion, habits, traits, customs and exploits of the red man, with thrilling adventures and experiences on the great plains and in the mountains of our wide frontier. The most attractive feature of the work is the series of illustrations by Mr. James E. Taylor, representing the Indians in their favorite amusements, such as scalping, torturing, murdering, mutilating and fighting. We have never seen more spirited pictures of the doings of the noble red man. They are so striking as to make us almost regret that we are not red men ourselves, to have had the privilege of being portrayed by Mr. Taylor. The pictures have also a tendency to cause us to believe that the best kind of Indian is a dead Indian.

"Count Silvius" is the title of a romance translated from the German of George Horn by M. J. Safford, and published by George W. Harlan, 19 Park Place. It is dismal and readable. There are heirlooms, flasks of poison, sisters of charity, wedding joys, and numbers of things that go to make up a thrilling novel.

We are glad to see that the positive demand for the comparative New Testament is so large as to induce Messrs. Porter & Coates to issue another superlative edition. We have examined the work with care, have compared it with the original manuscript, and can vouch for its accuracy in every particular.

Mr. R. W. Criswell's Shaksperian travesties, originally published in the *Derrick* and *Cincinnati Enquirer*, will shortly be issued in book form by a leading New York publishing house. No Shaksperian crank or Criswell student should be without a copy.

The Laramie City *Boomerang* has been enlarged. Mr. Bill Nye, as its editor, is still flourishing, and his position as the king of Western humorists is assured.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Ask her to have strawberries and cream.
JOHANNES.—We are fairly well supplied with Jumbo literature, thank you.

ALTHEA.—We love you, Althea. Do you know why? Because you can not write poetry.

C. BYRD.—You are right: there is a "metrical decrepitude" about your lines which seriously interferes with the poetry of the thought. The idea is all right, and the language is picturesque; but your metre is altogether too untrammeled and boundless. Your Muse appears to wear ready-made clothing. Why don't you try it over again; give her a good fit, and let us see it once more?

CATHOLIC CHURCHMAN.—We are happy to reprint your letter; for it is a model of moderation. As a general thing, when it becomes our duty to differ with the members of your church, they express their displeasure with more vigor than grammar or coherence. But you write:

NEW YORK, April 13th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

It seems strange to me (assuming that you are neither an infidel nor a socialist) that you should have made the Cincinnati Council an occasion for attempting to cast ridicule on the Catholic church. I would like to ask you if you have read the Bishops' Pastoral. I doubt it. But would it not be the part of an honest man to do so first, before seizing the opportunity to endeavor to gratify vulgar anti-Catholic prejudices? If you want to know what the bishops actually said about the equality of men and authority, you must read all they said on those two heads (see *Catholic World*, April 8th, 11 Barclay Street). You will see that on the first point they merely state a few well recognized facts—platitudes, if you like. A policeman escorting a drunkard to the station-house and the said drunkard are certainly not equal—for the time being, for instance. On the question of authority, they

simply say what St. Paul said. Our Republican doctrine is, as laid down in the Declaration of Independence, as I understand it, that a nation has the right to choose its form of government, and the people may choose their own rulers. Beyond this the signers of the Declaration did not have occasion to go. They did not intend to abolish God, to say that He did not direct the affairs of nations, so that he might not well be regarded as the ultimate source of authority, though the same be conferred by or through the people.

The Pastoral, especially the quoted words of the Pope, Leo XIII., concede all that Republicans desire.

Any doctrine which, after recognizing and preserving the rights of popular government, teaches, and gives a reason for, respect for a *once duly constituted* government, certainly ought to commend itself to every sensible, law-abiding person. And this doctrine is what the Catholic church teaches, and it is a very salutary one; and, in view of the socialistic tendencies of the age and the *murder* of our President, a declaration of it was not inopportune.

If you make any pretense to honor and *honesty* of purpose, understand the Church before you vilify her.

Yours,
CATHOLIC AMERICAN.

This is all very well. We have only one or two questions to ask of you in return. If the Bishops in Council meant merely to take this very reasonable position, why did not they say so? The entire English language was at their command. And if they did not put on record the words which the daily papers reported, why have they not corrected that report? If they did use those words, under the impression that they meant something else than appeared on the face of them, they must stand by their own error. It is not our fault if they are misunderstood.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

[NEW SERIES.]

We have received so many pathetic and indignant remonstrances from rejected contributors that we are beginning to be convinced that we are really heartless and indiscriminating. We have therefore resolved to run a column of

"Rejected Communications,"

and let the rejected have a show for themselves. Contributions requested.

ONLY.

Only a bicycler, riding along
On his glittering wheel as he hummed a song,
When he caught the eyes of two ladies fair,
Who smiled on the rider passing there.

Only a rut in the street just there
That he did not see for the ladies fair,
But, alas! not seeing, a header he took,
And passing flirtations that rider has shook,
When riding on his machine. W. W.

ANOTHER CRANK.

NEW YORK, April 10th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I introduce myself to you as a devoted disciple of the muse "Punica." Remote from punegyzing your pungent PUCK I tell you right ascending and descending that you often simulate where a commodity of good puns can be bought. Hear & marvel!: Your O. S. thinks that he can to some distance supply the deficiency.

In your spiky "answers for the curious, you have executed many aspirators to pucky fame. Their warning example has no terrors for me. You are incenseable to their immolations of flattery. It is only sterling worth & not starling twaddle that will succeed with you.

I am therefore confident that no baskety grave awaits this epistle.

I send to you today a sample of my "vis punica" & if it so pleases you more will follow. I am also "horrible dictu" afflicted with poëmamania but I have it only like the ache you; namely: intermittent. There is a large field in which the farm hands of "PUCK" have not yet ploughed I mean translations from the humorous poetry of other nations. I will not enlarge on this subject here, it can be done better by word of mouth.

Hoping to receive a favorable answer I am Yours.

EUGENE M. SOBERNHEIM.

Follow the puns!

Why is Cupid like a deer's flesh Because he is venison (Venus's son)

What is the Comparative of a sailor Mor(e)tar

Why is an idea like a good mother Because it strikes without hurting

Why is a negro listening to an un interesting story like a certain school-utensil.

Because he is a blackboard

And so on with grace ad in finitum.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Girouette" will carry Mr. Daly along comfortably until his closing time for Summer. The play is a bright and pretty trifle.

"Esmeralda" is not being played at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. This statement is not precisely true, but it has the merit of novelty.

"Youth" has now been running for three months at WAILACK's, and still New Yorkers are not happy, because they have not all seen it.

"Squatter Sovereignty" leaves us very little to say about it. It is simply a well-earned bonanza for Messrs. Haigan & Hart, of the THEATRE COMIQUE.

Mr. Bartley Campbell is certainly a most successful dramatist. If any one doubts this, let him wend his way to HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.

"Hazel Kirke," unlike Napoleon's Old Guard, neither dies nor surrenders. It has now pitched its tent at NIBLO'S GARDEN, where it may be wept with nightly.

ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE was the scene of a new play on Saturday night last. Mr. A. C. Gunter waltzed to the front with "After the Opera," which will be duly commented upon in these columns.

Mr. Edwin Booth is still at it. Monday we were treated to his original performance of *Hamlet*. Tuesday we were regaled with "King Lear." To-night, for "Richelieu," we are fondly expectant.

Like the spirit of Jesse James, Miss Mary Anderson is at rest, her season having closed at Williamsburg on Saturday night. As the net result of it, she has \$72,146 to invest in Parisian diamonds.

Mr. Gus Williams is going to pit his popularity against that of Manhattan Beach this Summer. He plays at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. He has a new play, which is more than Manhattan Beach has had since the eclipse of bunko.

"Kerry Gow," the well-known Irish drama, on which Joseph Murphy has for several years been staking his reputation, is now at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, and Mr. Murphy is astonishing the Brooklynites by his skill in horse shoeing and acting.

There was a grand professional matinée at the THALIA the other day, when "The Merry War" was trotted out. It was in admirable trim. Now Geistinger is lifting the roof off the playhouse with her versatility in "The Royal Middy," and all kinds of things.

The 5,916 Italian emigrants who arrived at this port in the first quarter of 1882 are not members of Salvini's company. He does not bring over his compatriots till October. Then, for \$2 head money, they will play at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

Mr. Maurice Grau's French Opera Company is now at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, with Mlle. Paola Marié, who appeared in the "la Mascotte" on Monday evening last, as *Bettina*, supported by Miles. Gregoire, M. Nigri, Mezières, Tauffenberger, Duplan and Dupin.

In aid of St. Francis Hospital a grand sacred concert was given on Sunday night last, at STEINWAY HALL. Mlle. Christine Rossée contributed much to the success of the entertainment by her strong musical talent, well trained and developed in a good school. Dr. Leopold Damrosch, in his usual able manner, directed the grand symphonic orchestra.

"All At Sea," the musical comedy by George H. Jessop, at the SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE (N. Y.), affords a large amount of amusement to the New York populace. The company comprises Miss Katie Castleton, Miss Agnes Hallock, Mr. Geoffrey Tyrrell and Mr. W. W. Allen. The scenery is by Mr. Voegtlind, and is quite worthy of that clever artist.

We congratulate Mr. Abbey on having succeeded in securing Adelina Patti for his Autumn season of opera. Mr. Abbey, although new to the business, and with many difficulties to contend with, has shown wonderful aptitude as an operatic manager. As an amusement caterer to the public, Mr. Abbey has proved himself thoroughly conversant with their tastes.

No more "Claude Duval" at the STANDARD, after Saturday, for the Hess Acme Opera Company will appear there next Monday in a brief season of English opera. The repertoire includes "The Mascotte," "Olivette," "Chimes of Normandy," "Fra Diavoli," "The Widow," "Si J'étais Roi" (first time in English). The opening opera will probably be "The Widow," entirely new, by Calixta Laralle, which will be produced with new scenery, new costumes, new properties. The company comprises Mrs. Zelda Seguin (her first appearance in two years), Misses Adelaide Randall, Louise Searle, Mary E. Wadsworth, Emma Elsner, Messrs. William Castle, Henry Peakes, Mark Smith, Alfred Wilkie, James Peakes, Walter Allen, H. Fairweather; also a grand chorus of fifty voices. We shall have to wait until the Fall for Standard novelties.

PUCK.



SHADE OF A. T. S.:—"OH, IF I COULD ONLY FIND MY BODY!"



SIC TRANSIT.

TRIOLET.

Departed is the glory
Of A. T. S. & Co.;
The Jews can tell the story—
Departed is the glory;
Like the Aurora Borealis's golden glow—
Departed is the glory
Of A. T. S. & Co.

INDAR.

CURRENT COMMENTS.

NOW DOETH the small boy swoop down upon his parent to secure shekels to pay his base-ball dues.

NEW YORK plumbers insist on getting four dollars a day. If this were all they insisted on, what a gloriously prosperous community we should be!

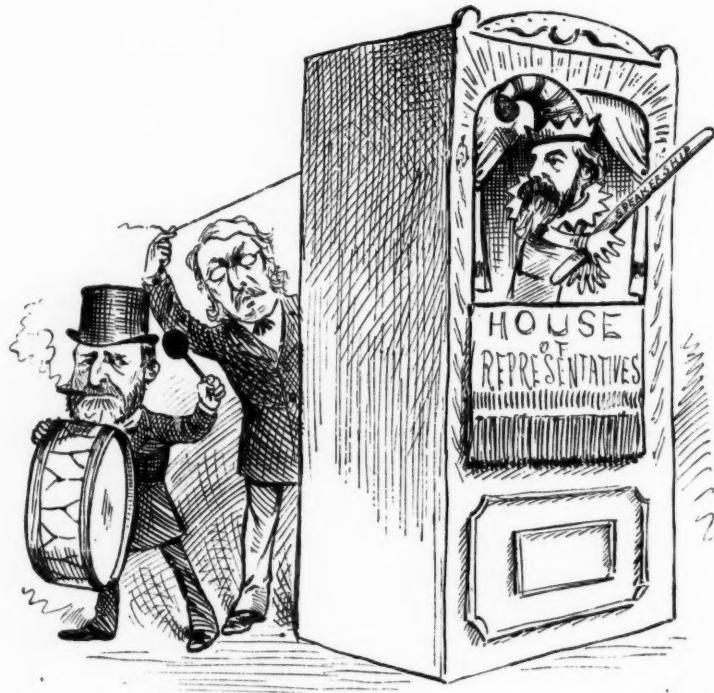
IN THE Philadelphia almshouse they serve four chickens to forty patients; and yet Colonel Ingersoll maintains that there is no such thing as a miracle.

THERE IS a rush of miners to Alaska. We have always insisted that ice-mining was a more profitable industry than either plumbing or driving a Niagara hack.

THE AUDIENCE sat spell-bound, as the world-acknowledged tragedian rose in a graceful attitude, and, looking joyously at the banqueters, raised his hand slowly and deliberately, and proceeded to drink wind out of a paste-board goblet.

ALREADY THE scent of lilacs is in the air, and very soon the lily will unfold its pallid cornucopia, and dream so soundly in terraces of sun, that you will be unable to wake it if you stand off and hammer it with a rail; all of which shows that Spring has set in.

PUNCH AND JUDY IN CONGRESS.



A MELANCHOLY PERFORMANCE.

SOMEBODY WHO must be very ignorant of etiquette and the usages of good society writes to ascertain the best way to see the comet. There are many ways; but it is difficult to say which is the best. Now, you might call on it and leave your card; or send it free passes to see Jumbo; or tread on its tail; or ask it about the crops; or invite it to take a lemonade; or propose to dinner it at the Lotos Club. There are many other ways; but, after all, the best way to see a comet is to go up to a policeman and attempt to kick him to death. When he lands on you with his locust, you will see the comet, with its tail considerably exaggerated.

BURMAH BLOODLETTING.

A dispatch from Rangoon says the King of Burmah has massacred his inferior wife and two sisters, the Finance Minister and fifty palace officials.—*Morning Paper*.

We presume these unfortunate people were destroyed by his Sumptuous Nibs because they told him it looked like rain, one day when he intended to go to a base-ball match. We suppose the Everlasting Custodian of the Sacred Tooth-brush and Hat-rack made a large kick in favor of the poor inferiors, but was so preëminently unsuccessful that he lost his life in trying to make an explanation of his attitude.

In this country it is different. No man here thinks of killing his wife—be she ever so inferior—until he sees the bill for her Spring clothes. And he never wants to get away with his inferior cousins and aunts, unless they fail to ask him and his family to put in the Summer with them. That's the difference betwixt the King of Burmah and an American voter every time. Besides, American wives are not inferior in any sense. Not much; they are superior. But we must muzzle our Muse right here.

THE AURORA OF FLORA.

BESIDE THE garden wall
The slim and dainty pinks stand;
Upon the shining bar
The gay and rosy drinks stand;
But a flower dearer than both
Is stuck in the office ink-stand.

WHERE TO CROWN HIM.

General Melikoff has been sent for by the Russian state officials at St. Petersburg, to be consulted as to the precautions to be taken in keeping the Czar's head attached to his body long enough for it to undergo coronation.

If the Czar would listen to us, we should certainly recommend him to postpone the interesting ceremony until a few more Nihilists have been put out of the way; for the whole business will be a mere matter of form, and will keep for an indefinite period.

No one disputes the fact that Mr. Alexander is Czar; indeed, he has shown, since he has been at the head of affairs, that he unmistakably occupies that position. A few residents of Siberia could prove it without any difficulty.

Still, respect must be paid to Muscovite traditions, and the Czar must have a chance of trying on the interesting piece of head-gear.

But the question is: How is he to go through the picturesque performance with safety? Already has a mine been discovered under the building in which the ceremony was to have taken place; and the information of the Nihilists is always so exact that it is not at all unlikely that, when another church is decided upon, its subcellar will be found equally well furnished with dynamite.

Cast-iron ulsters and steel-clad rooms would, in such a case, be no protection at all; and, if the Czar is positively determined to have the bauble on his brow, the coronation must come off in private. We offer, therefore, a few suggestions, free of charge, any of which Loris Melikoff is at liberty to adopt:

Let the Czar go down to the bottom of the Caspian Sea in a diving-bell, and the crown could be there comfortably adjusted to his cranium by special divers. The Nihilists would never dream of looking for His Majesty in such an odd locality.

Or, better still, the affair could come off in a balloon, which could be steered toward the boundless steppes of Tartary, a district not usually frequented by his enemies.

Why could not the Czar come to America and attend a Greenback convention? It would not be overcrowded, and the autocrat might even have the opportunity of putting on the crown without a single witness.

The top of the North Pole would also be a suitable spot for the ceremony; but there are difficulties in the way.

Philadelphia is a nice, quiet place, and the chances are that he would not be molested. The only drawback would be the presence of Mr. G. W. Childs, A. M., who might recognize the Czar and betray him, in order to obtain a commission from the Nihilists for a choice obituary poem, to begin as follows:

Gentle Czar, you're dynamited;
Your pa and you are thus united.

But, perhaps, after all, there is but one spot on this earth where the coronation could come off and the Czar be absolutely free from danger, and that is in the Lenox Library of the City of New York. Nobody was ever known to go there, and nobody could get there if he wanted to. But we have no doubt that if representations were made in the proper quarter, the Russian Minister could induce the Curator, or the Seneschal, or the Hereditary Grand Holder of the keys of the edifice, or whatever is the title of the gentleman who has in his charge the Yale locks and Bessemer steel bolts that secure the treasures, to drop poor Alexander in at a window or down one of the chimneys, and then allow the unfortunate man to put on his crown undisturbed.

Let the Czar get himself shipped over here in an empty petroleum barrel, and we shall be glad to use our best efforts in aiding him to carry out our suggestions.

OUR MILITIA.



"SHOULDER ARMS!"
"S'HELP ME KRACIOUS, CAPTAIN, I CAN'T SHOULTER TILL I VAS GET MY KLASSES VIPED OFF!"

ENTERTAINING EACH OTHER.

Our esteemed Mother Goose, *Harper's Young People*, has an article entitled: "How Girls May Entertain Each Other," and, although it doesn't state that they go into the details of shopping tours for each other's edification when they meet, yet it is very interesting. Nor does it say that they speak of twenty-seven-cent sales, or of their friends' clothes. If it did, it would not be an article founded on principles of truth, because ladies never do such things. When ladies meet, and one asks another a fair dry-goods question, the one addressed always evades her by inquiring if she has been reading Browning lately. When one says:

"Just see that new-style dress across the street," the others reply:

"We haven't time; we want to talk about the improvement of the mind."

Then one lady remarks, as she takes a *carte de visite* from her pocket:

"Would you like to see the picture of my latest?"

"Oh, no," the rest respond: "these Biblical pictures on the wall are good enough for us."

Then the hostess says:

"I found a package of love-letters on the sidewalk to-day. They are just too rich for anything—all full of Birdie, dear, kisses and ice-cream, and then 'dove' is made to rhyme with—ah, let me see, what does 'dove' rhyme with?"

"Why 'friendship,' of course," is the response.

"That's it—'friendship.' How could I have been so stupid as to have forgotten it? And there are lots of other soft things. Lots of moonlight, caramels, jasmine bowers, long walks by the sad, sad sea, when are you coming up again? etc. Oh, they are just too killing for anything," and she produces them, saying: "Would you not like to read them?"

"Oh, no," they reply: "we have no curiosity at all regarding love-letters, for we have seen so many, and they are all the same. We would much rather have you read to us from a religious paper."

Now, that is the way that ladies entertain each other; but it is far different from the manner in which men amuse themselves. Now, when two men meet—we will say an advertising agent and a drummer who sells suspenders on commission, they talk something like this:

"Good morning, William."

"Good morning, Isaac."

"Will you step into the adjacent drug store and have some soda-water?"

"Certainly, with pleasure; I am very fond of it, but can't get it good on the road."

"Been away long?"

"About two months; but am glad to get home again. Those Western cities are full of vice and temptation, and I am always relieved when I escape their noxious atmosphere. What are you going to do to-night?"

"Going to prayer-meeting. Would you like to go along?"

"First-rate! If there is anything I like it is an old-fashioned prayer-meeting, especially when they begin to whoop her up for all they're worth. Do you know, on the cars, the other day, a man asked me to play cards?"

"You didn't accede to his request?"

"I did not; I kicked the dust off my feet and went out, and rode the rest of the way in the baggage-car. I will meet you at the dime-prayer-meeting at 7 p. m.?"

"Yes."

"All right; seven it is."

And thus they part for a few hours, highly delighted and entertained with each other. But that is only the way that drummers and advertising agents talk. It is different with men in other lines—oh, yes, very different; and the editor of *Harper's Young People* ought to know it.

A MEMBER of the House of Representatives died last winter. He discovered that he had neglected to charge three trunks, his wife's seal-skin cloak and a barrel of whiskey to his stationery account, and immediately took to his bed and died of a broken heart.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

PROGRESS tells this pretty good one:

Years ago, at Cape May, I met a very good, though very foppish, fellow, who offered me a share of his room, the hotel being crowded.

"If you were to stop till after to-morrow," he said: "you could have the room all to yourself, for I am off to Newport."

He had previously told me that he had been there but a week. He had plenty of money, seemed to be enjoying himself, and was a general favorite. So this rapid flight rather surprised me.

"Why this hurry?" I asked: "You look as if you had nothing else to do but have a pleasant time—as if you could afford to gratify your every whim. Why do you rush away?"

"My dear fellow," he replied: "I never stay anywhere more than a week. I have just seven suits of clothes, not counting my dress suit, and a rig-out for boating, fishing, and that sort of thing. I never wear the same suit twice at any one place, and so you see I have reached the end of my tether here. I could buy more, of course; yet while dress is just as important to a man of fashion as it is to a woman of fashion, he cannot go about with a cart-load of trunks like a woman. I never go to the length of changing my

dress two or three times a day, as some chaps do. That's nonsense; but I do have a fresh get-up for every morning, which lasts very well until dinner—then always, of course, the full dress. My plan has other advantages. You say I am a favorite with the young ladies. I am, and I purpose to remain so if I can; so I never let them weary of me. They are always glad to see me, and I have *savoir faire* sufficient not to let them get tired of me inside of a week. Then I away, to charm and be charmed by others."

This, I beg the reader will not consider a fairy tale. It was an actual occurrence.

—*Boston Post*.

SEVERAL of our exchanges are now clamoring for a Congressman-at-large. Aren't there too many of them at large already?—*Boston Transcript*.

BABIES OF MAUMEE.

Potatoes they grew small,
And they ate them tops and all

In Maumee;

The babies kicked and squal'ded

And mothers spanked them all

In Maumee;

CASTORIA's cured them all,

No babies now that bawl

In Maumee.

Parties troubled with skin diseases say Swayne's Ointment is the most pleasant and most certain cure.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them. Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest. Will be mailed to any part of the United States and Canada upon receipt of \$1.30.

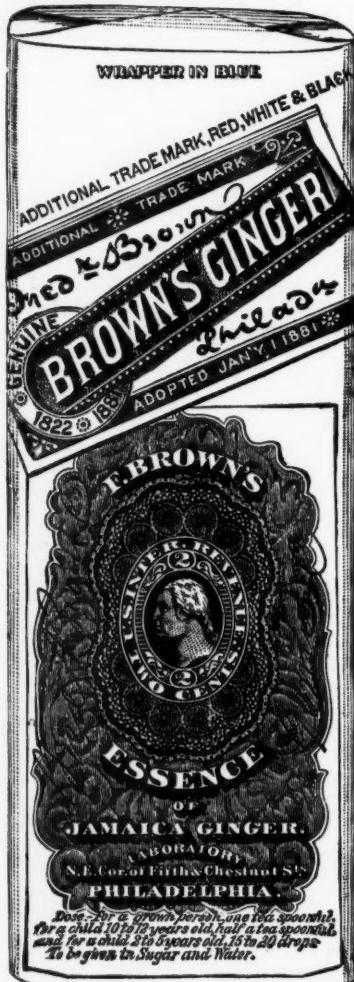
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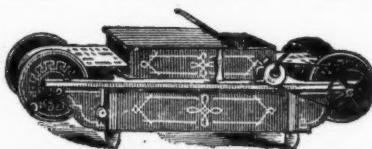
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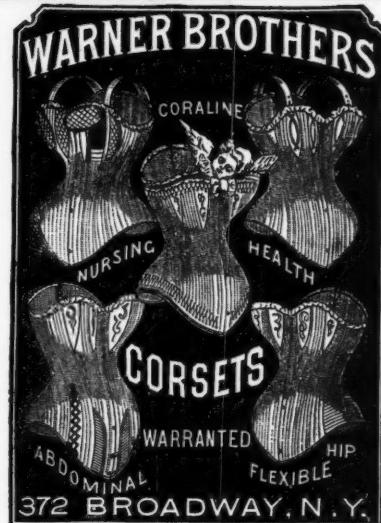
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THE FIRST OF MAY.—TAMMANY MOVES INTO ITS NEW QUARTERS.

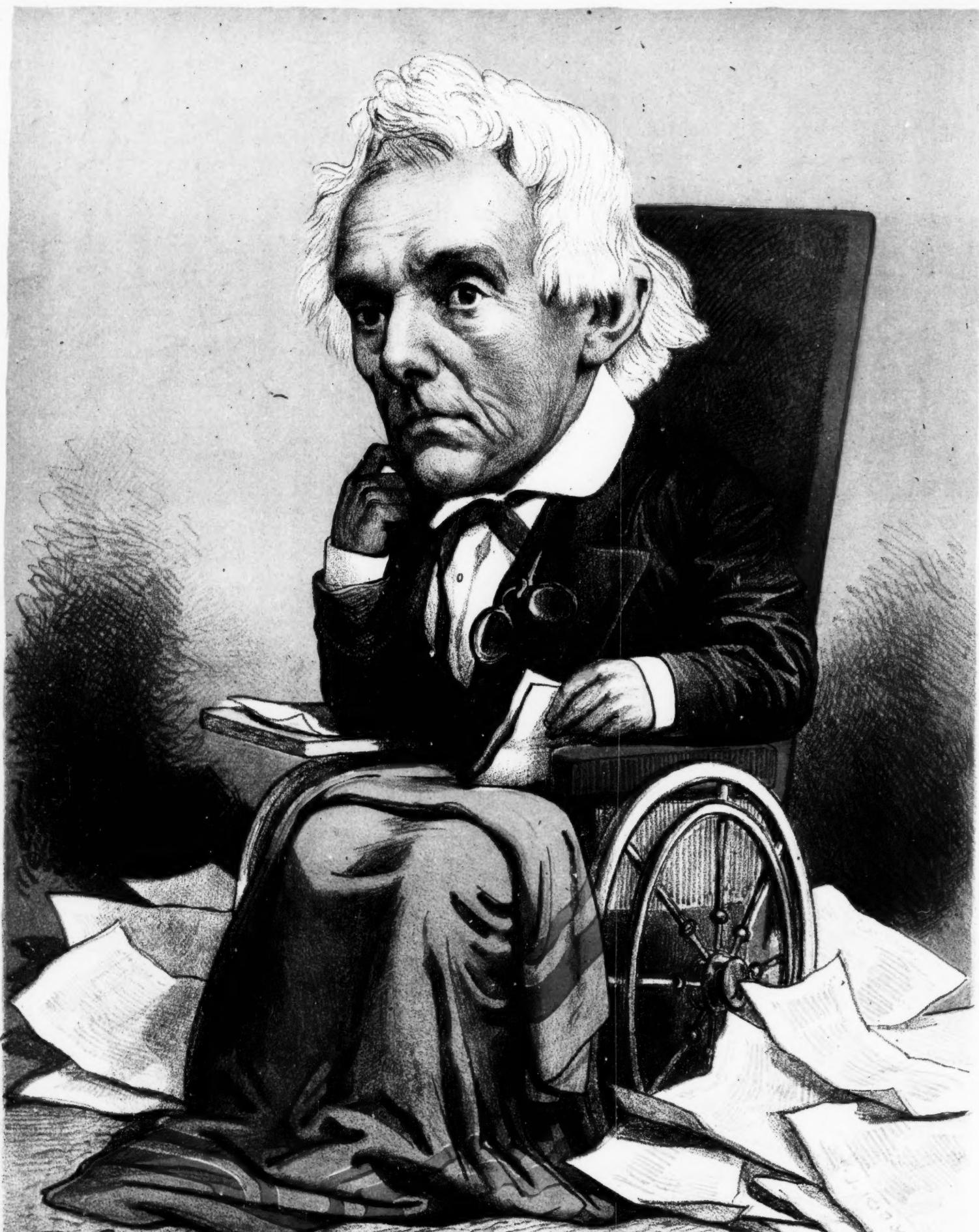
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